

THE  
PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,  
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM ;  
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D  
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE  
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

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No. 9.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

*Extract from an Oration, delivered by a member of the Lysian Society of Philadelphia, on Friday the 8th of February 1805, agreeably to appointment.*

Being assembled for the purpose of contemplating an event highly interesting to every member of the community, it is necessary that we should consider attentively, the causes which have operated in producing, and the consequences likely to result from it.

I presume it is unnecessary to inform you, that the Northern coast of Africa is inhabited by tribes of Barbarians, who resemble the sons of Ishmael in this particular: their hand is against every man's hand that is against them—whose conduct, with respect to other Nations, is regulated merely by caprice, without any regard to the principles of justice;—who make war, whenever they have an opportunity of plundering their neighbours, and make peace, only when compelled by necessity;—who have reduced robbery to a system, and are continually in a state of hostility with some of the maritime Nations of the world. Why the powerful nations of Europe have not long ago, exterminated these, their common enemies, may, perhaps, be matter of astonishment to those, who are unacquainted with the motives, which regulate the conduct of kings; by which they are often induced to do what they ought not, and to leave what they ought to do, undone.

Among the nations that have been insulted by the outrages of these sons of rapine, America stands in the foremost rank. The extensive commerce which she carries on, with all parts of the habitable globe has frequently exposed her citizens to the depredations of those barbarians, by whom they were not only deprived of their property, but also their persons were detained as captives, in which situation the free-born sons of America were forced to submit to such treatment as cruelty commonly inflicts upon her hapless victims—For although they were at length redeemed, and restored to their country, and to those objects of their tender affections, from whom they had been long, and cruelly detained; yet many of them will carry to the grave the marks of the barbarous treatment, which they received in their captivity.—Nay, our Country was not only forced to pay an enormous price for

the ransom of her captive Sons; but also to pay those pirates an annual tribute, that her citizens might enjoy the privilege of passing, and repassing without fear of molestation. But it was at length discovered, that conciliatory measures were vain, and every way inadequate to obtain the end in view: for, as much as paying money to these unprincipled Savages, only emboldened them to commit still greater depredations on our commerce, at the same time, that it enabled them to do this the more effectually.

Those, who have the management of the affairs of state were at length convinced, that if ever we intended to enjoy, securely, those rights, and privileges, which nature had bestowed upon us, it would be absolutely necessary to send out to that part of the world, such an armed force as would be, not only sufficient, to chastise those insolent savages, for their past misconduct, but also to convince them for the future, that a free and independent Nation would not tamely submit, to the insults of petty states abroad, after having fought and vanquished regular, and well disciplined armies at home. As soon as it was perceived that it would be necessary to have recourse to forcible means, in order to vindicate our just rights; from all parts of the Union, Volunteers came forward, desiring to have their names enrolled among the avengers of their Country's wrongs. And to the honour of this city, be it said, that the greater part of those who have since, so gloriously distinguished themselves in the service of their country, were from Philadelphia and its vicinity.

But although the most brilliant success, was, reasonably to be expected, from the innate bravery, and enthusiastic ardour which animated these heroes, who volunteered themselves at such a critical period—Yet it is to be regretted that owing to the want of experience in a mode of warfare to which the nation had hitherto been unaccustomed, and particularly to want of proper information, respecting the nature of the place, which was to be the principal scene of action, a radical mistake was made in fitting out the first armament, which circumstance greatly retarded the success of the undertaking.

Our gallant countrymen had an opportunity of displaying their bravery in two or three instances, but for some time nothing effectual was accomplished, and at length, an event happened, which excited the most lively emotions of sorrow, and compassion in the breast of every member of the commu-

nity; for by one of these accidents which human wisdom cannot foresee, nor human prudence guard against, one of our finest ships of war, fell into the hands of the enemy;—By which fatal accident upwards of two hundred of our fellow citizens were reduced to a state of ignominious slavery, without having an opportunity of displaying their valour, in defending themselves or assailing their enemies—A situation this, more dreadful to the brave, than death in its most terrific form.—But notwithstanding the painful feelings experienced by every American citizen, on being informed of this unfortunate event; it was productive of one good consequence, inasmuch as it afforded Columbia's Sons an opportunity of immortalizing their names, by performing an act of heroism which has justly entitled them to the praise and admiration of this, and of succeeding generations.

The unfortunate circumstance of so many brave men falling into the hands of such perfidious enemies, kindled the indignation of their companions in arms, and stimulated them to make redoubled exertions, as well to restore to their country the honour which it had lost, as to rescue their countrymen from captivity, which they resolved to do, or perish in the attempt.—In consequence of this resolution, several attacks were made on the gun-boats, batteries, and town of Tripoli, by the American frigates, and gun boats, in the months of August and September last, which attacks were conducted with so much bravery, and attended with such success, that thereby great honour is conferred upon our country, and many and great national advantages may be reasonably expected to result therefrom.—This event is calculated to excite in the breast of every one who has the welfare of his country at heart, the mingled emotions of joy and sorrow; joy for the new and additional honour conferred on the American name, and nation; and sorrow for the fate of those intrepid heroes, who have fallen in the service of their country;—who have been cut off in the gay season of life, while surrounded with the fairest prospects of earthly felicity—not even permitted to receive those marks of gratitude, which their fellow citizens would have taken pleasure in bestowing upon them.

The youthful heroes whose untimely fate we have reason to lament; to whose memories we wish to pay that tribute of respect so justly due, and for which purpose, we are here assembled—These heroes, I say, were not allured to the place where they fell by



the hopes of acquiring wealth.—They did not quit the society of their friends, nor leave their native shores, at the invitations of avarice. No, they were led to the scene of carnage, by those generous feelings which always enoble the human mind.—They were animated by the love of glory. Their manly souls glowed with that heroic ardour which is the distinguishing characteristic of the brave.—To redress the injuries which their country had sustained, to punish daring robbers and cruel oppressors, and to redeem their brethren from captivity and bondage, were the ends they had in view. Excited by these generous feelings, they forsook the scene of ease and pleasure to which they had been accustomed.—They tore themselves from the cheerful society of their friends, and bid adieu to that country which gave them birth; a country to support the honour, and promote the happiness of which, they have sacrificed every thing that was dear to them; for alas! they were doomed to behold it no more.

Although they were sensible of the difficulties, to which they would be exposed; yet hope encouraged them to expect a more favourable termination to all their toils and dangers, than hath been realized.—It whispered to them, that they should again behold each beloved object, which they were leaving behind them.—It represented to them, that the pleasure of meeting with their friends again, would be an ample recompense for the pangs of separation.—But ah! how deceitful are the hopes of mortals? Time in turning over another page in the volumes of destiny, hath made an unpleasant discovery.—That these young heroes had bidden an eternal adieu, to parents, friends, and country, whom they never more should see.

But why should surviving mortals mourn for those that are no more? Seeing no effort of their's can animate the ashes of the dead, or render them capable of receiving any satisfaction from their lamentations—surrounded by the incumbent shades which hover o'er the gloomy regions of mortality. They behold not the grief; they hear not the commendations bestowed upon them living.—The eulogiums pronounced to their memories here, are not rehearsed in the silent mansions of the grave: Nor will death at their request, unlock his massy gates, and restore his prisoners to their disconsolate friends.—These are melancholy but unsatisfying truths.—Yet we know that it is natural for us to weep with those who weep, and as the voice of nature ought to be obeyed.—On such mournful occasions, sympathetic feelings rise spontaneously from the heart, nor ought we to suppress them. It hath been customary in all ages, and nations to mourn for the dead, particularly those who lost their lives in battle, or who fell in attempting to redeem their fellow citizens from slavery, and especially if they fell in the arms of victory;—then why should not we imitate these venerable examples of antiquity. What forbids us to mingle our tears, with the tears of those who are more immediately interested, as being more intimately connected with the deceased, either by the ties of nature or the

sacred bonds of friendship. \* \* \* \* \*

To those who possess the art of moving the passions by words fitly adapted to the mournful occasion, I leave the task of describing how pensively the afflicted parents looked, how they sighed, with what persuasive eloquence their silence expressed the anguish of their wounded hearts, when they were informed that their sons had fallen in battle; when they saw that their hopes and expectations, which had risen bright as the sunbeams of the morning, covered with the clouds of endless darkness. How they dropped a tear at the remembrance of past and fleeting joys—how their bosoms heaved beneath the pressure of present sorrow—how they started back from the thoughts of futurity, where fancy represented every object, every amusement as completely divested of the power to yield felicity.—In what plaintive strains they accused the instability of fortune, who smiles deceitfully while she is preparing to inflict a mortal wound.—Who bestows her favours only that she may afflict the objects of her bounty, by withdrawing them again, with what a look of despair they viewed these objects which reminded them of former happiness—which reminded them of those, who rest unconscious of a parents anguish for their untimely fate

But while we contemplate with sympathy the situation of the disconsolate parents and friends of the deceased, whom we behold clothed in mourning habits, with all the marks of genuine sorrow portrayed in their countenances.—While we hear the voice of lamentation raised, by every one who hath been informed of the fate of the fallen heroes, and while we ourselves claim a part in the general grief, occasioned by this mournful event.—Let us remember that as yet we have only viewed the dark and gloomy side of this picture; let us recollect that it hath also a bright one, on turning to which, the eye of the beholder is dazzled with the radiant beams of glory, which shine upon these youthful warriors, and from them is reflected, more immediately on their relatives, but in a certain proportion on the whole community of which they formed a part.

Here we behold Time, with a cup of consolation in the one hand, and balm to heal the wounds of misfortune in the other.—He approaches the mourners with a benignant aspect, with a gentle hand wipes away their falling tears, and leads them to an eminence from whence they discern a more consolatory prospect.—Here we behold the former mourners viewing with serene countenances,—nay gazing with conscious pride, at these intrepid heroes, who have run the race of glory, and obtained the prize of immortal fame.—The fond parents are at length convinced, that though their sons have made their exit from the mortal stage sooner than might have been expected; yet seeing they have acted their parts so well; that they are followed by the grateful acclamations of an innumerable crowd of spectators, that they were not born in vain.—On the contrary they

feel inexpressible satisfaction, in having been instrumental in giving being to heroes destined to confer honour on the human family. They are ready each one to say with St. Pierre, Thy years are few, but full my son, the victim of virtue, hath reached the utmost purpose, and goal of mortality.

In a conspicuous part of this picture, we behold the Genius of America standing in a graceful attitude. Although the tears are trickling down from her eyes, yet her countenance seems to be enlivened with a smile. Her hand is stretched forth, as if she were in the act of calling upon all her sons and daughters in the different parts of this extensive continent, to come forward and look at this affecting scene. And to her sons in particular, she points out the reward prepared for their virtuous, and the brave, and seems to say, My children, if ever your country should call for your assistance in similar circumstances, go and act intrepid heroes, and like them you shall obtain a reward of which angry fortune cannot deprive you. If you survive the dangers to which you may be exposed, you will experience the joyful sensations arising from seeing yourselves honoured, and esteemed by your fellow-citizens; but if you should even fall, as it often happens to the brave, then your names shall be enrolled on the records of fame, even on the same list with those renowned heroes who bled and died in establishing our national independence. \* \* \* \* \*

These youthful warriors have indeed paid the debt of nature, to which by an unutterable decree of fate we are all liable. This they must one day have done, if they had never quit their native shore.—And who can tell how soon this event might have happened. We have seen, in this very city within these few years past, many a blooming youth, cut off in the prime of life, while the fairest prospects of earthly felicity lay within their view, whose names shall never be mentioned beyond the circle of their acquaintance, nor even then be long remembered. But far different the situation of those, who have gloriously fallen in the service of their country—their memories shall diffuse around them a fragrance very grateful to succeeding generations—their fame is established on such a permanent foundation, that no subsequent change can alter or diminish it—it shall not be confined within the limits of the United States, but it shall spread to the most distant parts of the habitable globe, and survive from generation to generation.

It often happens that the conqueror's crown is stained with deeds of cruelty—and the wheels of his triumphal car are red with the blood of those who never injured him—hence it is, that the acclamations of praise conferred upon him to-day, are to-morrow changed into the murmurs of obloquy—therefore in celebrating the praises of those brave men, who have displayed their valour, and supported the honour of their country, in distant regions, we can with peculiar satisfaction advert to the cause of their warfare, and to their conduct therein.—We are not



now contemplating the conduct of men, whom sordid motives led to fight beneath the banners of a Despot, to support his ambition and enslave their fellow mortals—no, we are viewing the deeds of men, who fought beneath the consecrated banners of Liberty—who were actuated by the most honourable motives, even an ardent desire to establish on a permanent foundation the just rights of mankind—to humble the pride, and abridge the power of cruel robbers, and tyrannical oppressors, to redeem their brethren from captivity, and to free the minds of such of their countrymen as might afterwards have occasion to visit those parts of the world, from the dreadful apprehension of falling into the hands of pirates. These were the honourable motives which influenced the conduct of those generous heroes—and their actions have been conformable thereunto: therefore, the laurels in their crown shall bloom with eternal verdure.

It is not a little remarkable that the place where in ancient days the Romans and Carthaginians contended for the empire of the World, should be the place where the citizens of a nation, which we hope is destined by fate, to exceed Rome both in splendor and duration, should be first called upon to punish their country's foes, and to display that bravery which we trust shall ever be the distinguishing characteristic of American citizens—nothing could be a more happy omen of the future grandeur of our country than this event—it hath set an example before the public, which will be singularly efficacious in awakening the citizens to a sense of their duty, and in animating them to perform deeds of glory—and perhaps at some distant period, when our national existence shall be endangered by the attacks of some powerful foe, our citizens calling to mind the valiant deeds of the heroes of the Mediterranean shall arise clothed in terror and hurl destruction on the heads of their invaders. If this should be the case, then truly they have not died in vain; and the future historian, when he records their deeds, shall tell not what America lost, but what she gained by their deaths.

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FOR THE REPOSITORY.

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THE AMERICAN IDLER.

NO. III.

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts.  
SHAKESPEARE.

THE elegance of this celebrated passage of the bard of Avon, has often struck me forcibly, and I have always been inclined to acknowledge the strength and justice of the remark. This being the case I have viewed with a less prejudiced eye, than many of my fellow mortals, the consequences resulting from the theatrical establishment in our city, and have always been anxious for its respectable support. In the remotest ages, plays

were performed, and though at first they were but rude sketches of life and manners, they gradually arrived to their present correctness and refinement. Formerly, all classes were captivated by them, and it was not till latter times, that many people began to discover they produced evil consequences! with this class I by no means feel disposed to join, but heartily wish that as long as they maintain their present chasteness and purity, every encouragement may be given to their representation.

At our theatre this season, a number of new pieces have been presented, and every exertion made for the entertainment of the public. While Mr. Cooper remained here some of the most celebrated plays were performed, which during his absence were necessarily laid aside. The greatest deficiency in our company, is in the walks of tragedy, for no one of the actors is properly calculated for the higher characters. Cooper it is true, performed several, but without him, who is there fitted for the parts of Hamlet, Romeo, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, Zanga, &c. In comic characters the company is strong, and possesses a number who would not disgrace the boards of any theatre. Hence the new comedies, and farces, have generally been ably supported.

The first new comedy performed this season, was *The Sailor's Daughter* by Cumberland. High expectations were formed respecting this play, from the deserved great reputation of the author: if ever a dramatic writer contributed to curb vicious passions, refine the manners, and to infuse, or strengthen in the breast, the noblest feelings of humanity, it was Cumberland. His *Brothers*, *West-Indian*, *Jew*, and *Wheel of Fortune*, are advocates for virtue, and tend to depress vice. Judging therefore of this, by his former productions, great expectations were raised in the public mind. But these expectations were considerably disappointed; this play bears few of those striking features, that exquisite humour, and originality of character which distinguish others written by the man whom Goldsmith calls

"The Terence of England, the mender of hearts."

The principal characters are, Sir Mathew Moribund, Raven, his servant; Captain Sentamour; Hartshorne, an apothecary; Varnish Manderville; Julia Clairville, and Louisa Davenant. Sir Mathew, is an old bachelor, and as old bachelor's generally are, greatly infested with *blue Devils*! or in other words, a hypochondriac, fancies himself very ill, when nothing in reality ails him. Raven seems to have caught his master's low hints, and exhibits a picture (if I may speak so) of ludicrous melancholy. Captain Sentamour, though quite a romantic character, is the most pleasing of any, and possesses more of that refined delicacy which characterises the personages in Cumberland's former comedies. Julia who resides with Hartshorne is the daughter of a deceased officer, left by her father under the protection of Sentamour, who sends her from time to

time, supplies of money for her subsistence. He at length returns to England, with the intention of marrying her, but fearful she would be influenced in accepting his hand, by the obligations she owed him; he assumes the name of Lindsay, and presents himself at Hartshorne's, as the person of that name whom he expected, to assist him in his business. In this character he wins her affections, and at length marries her.—Of all the female characters Louisa Davenant is perhaps most pleasing; who after living in high life until she was disgusted with it; and coquetting with the men until she was tired, takes a fancy to her cousin Manderville to whom she is united.

This play was favourably received at our Theatre, and most of the characters well performed. Warren's, Sir Mathew; Jefferson in Hartshorne; and Wood's Captain Sentamour; were well conceived and correctly supported. Blisset's Raven caused great merriment, when he speaks of his vices and irregularities to Sir Mathew, whom he took pattern by; he was extremely happy, and the sober phiz, and manner with which he says, "I wish I had copied you a little closer; you remained single, I married!" was irresistibly ludicrous. Mrs. Wignell performed Louisa Davenant with her usual excellence; the song of "*Gentle cousin John*," was delivered in the most sweet and elegant manner. Mrs. Wood in Julia, and Mrs. Shaw in Mrs. Hartshorne, were both respectable.

The next new play is the "*Soldier's Daughter*," by Mr. Cherry, a comedian of Drury Lane Theatre. It is the first time I have seen his name as a dramatic writer, and hope the success of this piece, will induce him to produce others. Among the many modern comedies, this is one which deserves, and will obtain a considerable share of public patronage. The characters are well drawn, and the dialogue elegant, spirited, and chaste. The giddy sprightly widow, the open generous Frank Heartall, the worthy governor and the unfortunate Malfert jun. are the most interesting. It was played with considerable applause by our company. Mr. Wood performed Frank Heartall with great judgment. In the scene between him, the widow Cheerly and her brother, where his jealousy is wrought up to the highest pitch, he particularly excelled. Mrs. Wood seldom if ever appeared to greater advantage than in the widow. Warren in the governor, displayed that correctness in performing and just conception of the character for which he is conspicuous. Mr. Cain supported the character of Malfert jun. with the greatest credit to himself. He was interesting, pathetic, and forcibly arrested the attention and sympathy of the audience. Jefferson's Timothy, was excellent; indeed in most comic characters he excels every other performer belonging to the company.

There are (besides these mentioned) many new pieces which shall be noticed in future numbers, motives of policy induce me now to end this number; for had I gone much further my readers might not have had courage to wade through it. J.



The communication of Studiosus shall appear in my next number.

The idler again solicits the aid of those who are favourably disposed towards his undertaking. Without assistance he will not be able to continue it regularly, and may perhaps be induced to entirely cease from his labours:—any communications addressed to him and deposited in the letter box of the Repository will be highly acceptable. J.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### ITALIAN LITERATURE.

So great is the number of Italian writers upon all subjects, that a foreigner, who wishes to acquire a knowledge of the tongue, is exposed to the hazard of making a bad choice, and to entertain, of course, the most strange prejudices against the books and their writers. The notice of such authors as have obtained the approbation of all ages and countries, would be superfluous; the names of Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, Tassoni, and Sannazaro, speaking sufficiently for themselves, as beyond all censure or praise. My intention is only to give my ideas concerning such as are well known in the republic of letters, but whose merit has not as yet been exactly appreciated. In this review I shall moreover limit myself to such writers as are of a general interest, historians, philologists, poets, &c. and for sufficient reasons, I shall take no notice of any of the present century, which is the true term from which the decay of the language has commenced.

Monsignor Della Cassa, is in my opinion, the most truly correct and elegant of all the Italian writers. His works may be considered as a model of what is called the *didactic style*. He was arch-bishop of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and one of the greatest men in the golden age of learning. He published, among other things, two inestimable tracts on the "*Civilities of Life*," productions which must endure till the final dissolution of society. One of them is entitled, "*Galateo*," and contains precepts on the manners of common society; the other, entitled, "*A Treatise on Common Duties*," teaches how to behave in the relations connected with superior or inferior acquaintances.

A rival to the "*Galateo*" is the "*Cortegiano*," or *Accomplished Gentleman*, of Count Balthassar Castiglione, a Mantuan.—That nobleman was bred in the splendid court of the dukes of Urbino, and was well qualified, in every sense of the word, to write on the duties of courtiers. His style is sprightly, elegant, natural, and easy. By the Italians, the "*Cortegiano*" is called a *golden book*, and certainly the epithet is applied justly.

Cardinal Bembo, a Venetian, was in the court of Leo X. what in another illustrious age the Mæcenases were in that of Augustus. He is one of those who have deserved the best of Italian literature. His style is admirable for the exquisite choice of words. He is censurable, however, for having conformed too much, by a sort of violence, to the genius of the Latin tongue; herein furnishing a bad precedent to the greater part of his contemporaries.

However great be the progress of philosophy, and the exact sciences in other parts of Europe, and in spite of the present decay of Italy in history and poetry, the superiority of the Italians in history, cannot be called in question. What is still more remarkable is, that the best and greatest of those historians are perfectly pure and elegant writers. Among these, Guicciardini and Machiavel take the lead. If the sciences could be appreciated by the judgment of men, like works of imagination, more disputes would have been started in Italy concerning the respective merits of these two great political writers, than concerning the poetical superiority of Tasso and Ariosto, both Guicciardini and Machiavel are sovereigns in the subjects of history and politics; and the dignity of their style is equal to their sentiments: it has been objected, however, to Guicciardini, that he is often too diffuse; and to Machiavel, that he has sometimes stumbled in points of grammar.

In the next rank to Guicciardini is Bentivoglio. This excellent historian was a cardinal, and had formerly been papal nuncio at Paris. He wrote the history of the memorable war of the Netherlands, under Philip II. of Spain. His style is natural, easy, pure, and concise. Davila, Nani, and especially Paruta, are not all inferior to Bentivoglio. The various histories of Davansati, and, above all, his translation of Tacitus, are, however, in my opinion, the best calculated to give an advantageous idea of the Italian language to foreigners. It has been often objected to this tongue, that it is diffuse and imbecile: to avert this reproach, Davansati undertook to translate into it the most sententious writer of antiquity, and even to perform the task with a fewer number of words. His style is therefore strong and pregnant with idea like the original: nor need any higher encomium be passed upon him than to say, that M. d'Alembert, allowed to be the most concise of all the modern writers, has not been able to translate Tacitus with more precision.

The Italian philologists of the greatest repute are Varchi, Castelvetro, Muzio, and Beni, all of whom have greatly contributed to the perfection of the language. Their writings furnish alike both precept and example, Varchi, a learned man of the first eminence, was born in Florence, in the year 1502. His principal work is the history of his country during the last revolutions of the republican government. Next to this is the "*Ercolano*," which treats wholly of language. No one ever expressed in Italian a philosophical thought better than this elegant philologist. Castelvetro was born in Modena, in the year 1505, and is celebrated for his "*Art of Poetry*." Muzio, a Paduan, was born in 1460; he left a number of works, one of which is entitled "*Struggles in behalf of the Italian Language*." Beni was born in 1552, and was professor of the *belles lettres* in Padua. He wrote a book called "*L'Anticrusca*," containing judicious critiques on the ancient Tuscan writers.

The Italians have not excelled in political declamation, nor in bar eloquence. In pulpit eloquence, however, Father Segneri, a Jesuit,

is not inferior to Massillon or Tillotson. He possesses a strong and insinuating elocution, and has carried the Italian language to its highest pitch of energy. He was born in Nettuno, near Rome, in 1694.

Foreigners who cultivate Italian should, before they enter on the study of the classic poets, make themselves familiar with two of them, whose writings breathe the true genius of poetry, without the help of rhyme, figures, or common topics. I mean Alamanni and Marchetti. Alamanni wrote an excellent poem "*On Husbandry*," which has been compared to Virgil's "*Georgics*." Although he falls short of this comparison, it is certain that he has gained immortal honour in having been the first to employ the graces of poetry on didactic subjects, and to rescue poetry itself from the thralldom of rhyme. Marchetti is, no doubt, the best Italian translator extant. In many passages he has surpassed the Latin original of Lucretius: besides this merit, he will be ever dear to the Italians for having given to blank verse all the majesty of poetry.

##### ANECDOTE OF BOISSY.

I think it may not be unserviceable in our times once more to call to mind and to relate the following history; as an admonition to young people who start aside from their serious studies; and rush into the arms of the nurses—to starve in raptures.

Boissy, the author of several dramatic pieces, that were received with great applause, met with the common fate of those who give themselves up entirely to the arts of the muses. He laboured and toiled unremittedly—his works procured him fame, but no bread. He languished, with a wife and child, under the pressures of the extremest poverty.

But, melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of that pride which is peculiar to genius, whether great or small; he could not creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. He had friends, who would have administered relief to him; but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not friendly impetuosity enough to force their assistance upon him.

Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency. The shortest way to rid himself at once from all his misery seemed to him to be death. Death appeared to him as a friend, as a saviour and deliverer; and gained his affection. His tender spouse, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation when he declaimed with all the warmth of poetic rapture of deliverance from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospects of futurity; and at length resolved to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and a better.

They were now firmly resolved to die. But what mode of death should they adopt? They made choice of the most horrible—of starving: accordingly they waited, in their



solitary and deserted apartment, their dear deliverer death, in his most ghastly form. Their resolution, their fortitude were immovable.

They locked the door, and began to fast. When any one came and knocked, they fled trembling into the corner, and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whimpering and crying, asked for bread; but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day: always nobody at home! At last he burst open the door.—Oh what a sight!

He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and wife had their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips.

The parents lay still in a perfect stupor; they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. Their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy; and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying.

Their friend hastened to take measures for their deliverance; but could not succeed without difficulty. They thought they had already done with all the troubles of the world; and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again! Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to restore them to life. At length their friend hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of paternal and maternal tenderness. He gave the child to eat; who, with one hand held his bread, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother; his piteous moans roused them at length from their deathlike slumber. It seemed at once to awaken a new love of life in their hearts, when they saw that their child had left the bed and their embraces.

Nature did her office. Their friend procured them strengthening broths, which he put to their lips with the utmost caution, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible. Thus were they saved.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of *contrôleur du Mercure de France*, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outlived him.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## LIFE OF DR. EDMUND HALLEY.

EDMUND HALLEY was born near London, at a place called Hagerston, in the parish of St. Leonard Shoreditch, on the 29th of October 1656. Hagerston, at that time, consisted of little more than a country house belonging to his father, Edmund Halley, who was a citizen and soap-boiler in Winchester-street, and, having acquired a plentiful fortune by his business, resolved to give this son, who was his only child, and a youth of the most promising genius, a suitable education. Accordingly, as soon as he was of a proper age, he placed him at St. Paul's school, under the care of that eminent master, Dr. Thomas Gale; where he so far outstripped the rest of his school-fellows, that, at fifteen years of age, he became Captain of the school. He not only excelled in every branch of classical learning, but became particularly remarkable for the surprising progress he made in the mathematics. Indeed, he seems not only to have acquired a profound skill both in plain and spherical trigonometry, but also to have made a very great progress in the sciences of navigation and astronomy, before he was removed to Oxford, where he was entered a commoner in Queen's college, in Act term 1673, being then in the 17th year of his age.

While he continued at the University, his father, who spared no expence to encourage the happy genius of his son, purchased for him a very curious apparatus of instruments; which encouraged him to proceed in his studies with such indefatigable diligence, that the Republic of Letters had soon an instance of what might be hoped for, when his genius was ripened by age. For, in his 19th year, he published 'A direct and geometrical Method of finding the Aphelia and Eccentricity of the Planets,' the want of which, till then, had been considered as an opprobrium on Kepler's hypothesis; and was, says M. Marian, a work which might justly excite the envy of the most skilful astronomers of that time, and which put an end to a celebrated dispute that had long subsisted among them on that subject. He also equally distinguished himself in the practical parts of astronomy; for, besides an eclipse of the moon, on the 27th of June 1675, observed at his father's house in Winchester-street, several observations, made by him concerning a spot in the sun, seen at Oxford in July and August 1677, were published, with others of Mr. Flamstead on the same subject, in the Philosophical Transactions, Number 128. By these observations, the motion of the sun about its own axis, a phenomenon not before well ascertained, was fully and finally determined.

In the night of the 21st of August, he also observed, at Oxford, an occultation of Mars by the moon, and which, with others, he afterwards made use of in settling the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope against the objections of the French astronomers. He also, during his stay at Oxford, accurately observed the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, which enabled him to make several corrections in the best astronomical tables then extant of those planets.

About this time also, before his voyage to St. Helena, he had discovered the method now well known of constructing solar eclipses; by which means the calculation

of parallaxes in these phenomena is superseded. Nor was his industry confined within these limits; he had been careful, ever since his first admission into the University, to make the proper observations for ascertaining the true places of the fixed stars, and, by that means, of correcting the errors of Tycho Brahe. His original view in this was to carry on the design of the first restorer of astronomy, by completing the catalogue of those stars by his own observations; but finding, on a more accurate inquiry, that this work was undertaken by Hevelius and Flamstead, he dropped his pursuit, and immediately formed a resolution of perfecting the whole scheme of the heavens, by the addition of the stars which lie so near the south pole, that they could not be observed by those astronomers, as never rising above the horizon either at Dantzic or Greenwich.

Fired with the prospect of making so distinguished an improvement in his favourite science, he left the University, before he had been there long enough to take any degree; and, returning to his father, applied for his consent to his making so remote a voyage as was necessary for carrying his project into execution. Here, meeting with all the encouragement so hopeful a son could expect from an indulgent parent, he addressed himself to Sir Joseph Williamson, then secretary of State, and to Sir Jonas Moore, Surveyor of the Ordnance; both of them great promoters of these studies, and the latter an able mathematician. These Gentlemen highly applauded his intention, and mentioned it to King Charles II. who was equally pleased with it, and immediately gave him a letter of recommendation to the East-India Company. A project of this kind could not fail of being well received by the Company, who, accordingly, promised to supply him with all the accommodations and conveniences in their power, and to carry him to St. Helena, which he had pitched upon, as a proper situation for his design.

Every thing being ready, he embarked, in November 1676, for the island of St. Helena, where he arrived after a passage of three months. Here he applied himself with the greatest assiduity to complete the work he had undertaken; and, having finished his catalogue, he returned to England in November 1678.

During his continuance on the island of St. Helena, he made several curious philosophical remarks and astronomical observations, besides those relating to his catalogue, and which were afterwards of singular use to him, in promoting those branches of literature we shall have occasion to mention in the sequel. On his arrival, he hastened to prepare the best testimonials he could give of his gratitude to his Royal benefactor, by delineating a planisphere, whereon, with the nicest accuracy, he laid down the exact places of all the stars near the south pole, from his own observations. This planisphere, with a short description, he presented to his Majesty, who was highly satisfied with it, and gave him a letter of Mandamus to the University of Oxford for the degree of Master of Arts. This letter was dated the 18th of November, and the same month he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Soon after his being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, he was pitched upon by that learned body to go to Dantzic, for the



satisfaction of Mr. Hevelius, with regard to the dispute betwixt him and Mr. Hook about the difference of plain or glass sights in astronomical instruments. Mr. Halley, accordingly, set out for that city on the 14th of May 1679, and, arriving there on the 26th, waited immediately on the Consul, and after some conference agreed to enter that night on the business of his visit; the sky being clear that and several succeeding nights, the two astronomers made their observations together till the 18th of July, when our author was highly pleased with the accuracy of the consul's observations, and published his opinion in a letter addressed to that ingenious artist.

When he had finished this task, he returned home to his father, where he continued till the latter end of the ensuing year, 1680, when he set out on what is called the grand tour; in which he was accompanied by Mr. Robert Nelson, so eminently distinguished for his piety. Mr. Nelson had been his school-fellow, and always retained a just esteem for his merit. They crossed the channel and landed at Calais in December; and, about mid-way between that place and Paris, Mr. Halley had, first of any one, a sight of the remarkable comet, which was the second time of its appearance, and thence gave, as it were, a new æra to the astronomical world. It was at this time in its ascent, or return from the sun, he having the November before seen it in its descent; and he now hastened to complete the gratification of his curiosity, in viewing this extraordinary, and at that time unaccountable phenomenon, from the Royal Observatory of Paris. That structure had not long been finished; and our author's intention, in this part of his tour, was to settle a friendly correspondence between the two Royal Astronomers at Greenwich and Paris; and, at the same time, to neglect no opportunities that offered of improving himself, as he had done before with Hevelius, under so great a master as Signor Cassini.

From Paris Mr. Halley accompanied his fellow traveller by the way of Lyons to Italy, where he spent a great part of the year 1681. But, his affairs then calling him home, he left Mr. Nelson at Rome, returning by land to Paris, where he made some stay, being received with the greatest respect by the most eminent personages in that city.

Soon after his arrival in England, he married Mary, daughter of Mr. Took, Auditor of the Exchequer; a young Lady equally amiable for the gracefulness of her person and the beauties of her mind; with whom he happily lived fifty-five years. Upon his marriage, he took a house at Islington, near London, where he immediately set up his tube and sextant, his attendance upon these being his darling employment.

The following year, 1683, Mr. Halley published his Theory of the variations of the magnetic needle; wherein he supposes, that the whole globe of the earth is one great magnet, having four magnetical poles or points of attraction, one near each pole, and two at the equator; and that, in those parts of the world which lie near any of these magnetical poles, the needle is governed by them, the nearest pole having always more power than that which is more remote. The well-known difficulty of the subject rendered this hypothesis, even in its first dress, very

agreeable to the learned both at home and abroad; but, on a review, finding it himself liable to some unanswerable objections, he offered, several years afterwards, an amendment to his theory, not without venturing to advance some bold conjectures, with regard to the fabric of the internal parts of the earth; the probability of which, though little respected for a great number of years, seems to be favoured by some late observations, made on another occasion both by the French and English in different parts of the world. Whatever may prove at last to be the fate of a theory which presumes to dive into the dark womb of our common parent, yet, the phenomena of the variation of the needle, on which it is raised, being so many certain and undisputed facts, our author spared no pains to possess himself of all the observations relating to it he could possibly procure. In order to this, he prevailed on his friends to make application to King William, who appointed him Commander of the Paramour pink, on the 16th of August 1698, with express orders to endeavour to discover by observations the law which regulated the variation of the magnetic needle. He sailed on this attempt the 24th of November following, and proceeded to the southward of the equinoctial; but, his men growing sickly and untractable, and his first Lieutenant mutinying, he returned home at the end of June 1699; and, having got his Lieutenant tried and cashiered, he took his departure a second time in September following, having the same ship, but attended with another of less barthen, of which he had also the command. Thus equipped, he traversed the vast Atlantic ocean, from one hemisphere to the other, as far as the ice would permit him to go; and, in his return, touched at St. Helena, the coast of Brasil, Cape de Verd, Barbadoes, the Canaries, and many other places, arriving in England in the month of September 1700.

(To be continued.)

EUGENIO.

(Continued from p. 63.)

"AS this was all new ground to me, I expressed no small surprise at what I had heard: upon which he observed, 'that as I had not passed my noviciate, it was no wonder that these mysteries and sublimities of the art were above my comprehension; but a little experience would convince me that in these crooked times the ways of the learned are not the least oblique. Is fame your object?—Be assured, the common-place methods of labouring to deserve it, are the last now-days to succeed in maintaining it. If you persist in this obsolete course, you may extort a Dedication from a Dutch commentator, or be called an ingenious gentleman in the preface to a new rhyming dictionary; but your purse will remain empty and your face unknown.

'And now, Sir, what are your sentiments? Are you willing to follow the track which I have marked out for you, and which I believe you will find as profitable and easy as any?' "I shook my head, and replied, that I was afraid I had not much talent for abuse: and moreover, that as this particular branch of literature required a disposition invulnera-

ble to abuse from others, I knew myself to be very ill qualified for a member of his academy." 'Well, Sir,' continued he, 'I will lay some other schemes of advancement before you; and, that example may not be wanting to my instructions, I will expose to you, in a great confidence, the various methods of literary chicane practised with the most brilliant success, by a club of gentlemen, of which I have the honour to be a member. Two or three instances will be sufficient for the present: but I shall be proud to introduce you to the whole society, that you may become the disciple of him of whose fancy you shall most approve. They are none of them those ordinary drudges, that drag their steps along through the common rounds of the forum and academy: but speed onwards, as the crow flies, unanxious about what they leave behind, and fearless about what they encounter. These gentlemen disturb no families by their early rising, or their midnight lucubrations; but by a little management, and much acquaintance with human nature, and the motives of human applause, they have risen to greater eminence than your great readers, without the same expence of spirits and constitution. There is a kind of œconomy of learning with which none but these adepts are acquainted; and to make a little go far, by a mode of setting it off, is one of those perfections on which we value ourselves the most in this our select society. The imposing manner in which we announce our publications, the pompous stage on which they are reared, by the mechanical helps of printing, paper, and engraving; our flourished title-pages, comely portraits, and the procession of initials that march before our names; all help to distinguish our productions from vulgar performances, and to enable one of our eighteen-penny pamphlets to wrestle with imperial quartos, and eclipse the labours of half a life.'

"I fear, Sir," continued Eugenio, turning towards Mr. Barville, "that this discourse on authorship will interest you but little: it presses, indeed, rather forcibly upon my mind, as having wrought a change in my condition, and disabused me of a very material error: we are too liable to suppose our own feelings in the breasts of other men, without regard to the difference of circumstances." "Your remark is generally good," returned Mr. Barville, "but it does not apply. Little as I know of learning, I know yet less of learned men. How chicanery can find a place in the province of literature, I am at a loss to imagine. The skill of the moderns in mechanical improvements has not yet risen to the invention of false understandings, unless false legs may be so called; and I have never yet heard of the brain's being out of joint, but in a metaphor. I am therefore curious to be informed what means men have devised to impose upon one another in a point in which no artificial aid will avail us, and where the appeal is so easy and direct to clear and unequivocal testimonies."

"My dear Sir," replied Eugenio, "this appeal is only open to the clear-sighted and impartial: it argues no mean capacities to estimate the abilities of other men. The mass



of mankind, though right in their abstract judgment of things, are perpetually wrong in their application of this judgment to persons. Here its purity is destroyed by associations, which mix in its decisions, and debase its value. The common opinion waits upon the efforts of a few superior wits, who march before to cut down the barriers, that the muddy stream may escape, and clarify itself in its course. I agree, then, that in regard to persons, give the public mind but time enough, and its opinions will be gradually depurated; but unfortunately this process of fining is so slowly performed, that it is odds but in the mean time success has crowned the imposture. But to proceed with the group of characters to which my friend was beginning to introduce me.

'There is Dr. —, of the scholar's department,' continued my communicative friend, a venerable linguist, commentator, and scholiast: if your bent be towards languages, I do not know what better model I can lay before you. The Doctor was whipped through a public school to very little purpose: it was not till he had been a twelvemonth at College that those fine obliquities of his genius began to expand, and, taking a thousand slant and cross directions, to graze the confines of many of those remote provinces of scholarship, where few of our hardiest academics have dared to venture. Impelled by a generous love of distinction, and rightly judging that in the ordinary paths of literature, to acquire fame he must penetrate farther and persevere longer than suited the reach of his understanding or his powers of application, he struck out at once into those roads where few were disposed to follow him; and, leaving common minds to grapple with common difficulties, set out upon those great and gigantic pursuits, only to embark in which is greater glory than to carry a common undertaking to its accomplishment.' 'These last words suited very much the complexion of my mind; and I had begun to feel a predilection for this gallant course of study, when my friend proceeded thus to undeceive me, by finishing his portrait.'

'It is with learning,' continued he, 'as it is with travelling. We are tired with accounts of Italy and Greece, and look with much greater admiration on him who tells us he has killed a lion or a lynx in Africa, or feasted with Kamtschadales on the fat of dogs, than on one who brings back from classic regions fresh accessions to the literature of his country, and a taste inspired by the chastest models of Athens and of Rome. The same gaping principle of ignorant wonder leads us to contemplate with awe the merest smattering in Hebrew, Arabic, or the Gothic languages of Northern Europe; while the Greek and Latin will scarcely push our fame beyond the walls of the University, or raise our fortunes above a Welsh curacy. The learned gentleman in question knew very well how to avail himself of this propensity of the species towards the uncommon rather than the useful; and at the same time that he suffered no pursuits but what were extraordinary to engage him, he took care to lose no time by proceeding a step farther in

any one of them than was necessary to impose upon mankind. Thus he is generally understood to be consummate in the Coptic and Chaldee, and is supposed at this moment to be very busy with the Turkish and Tartarian; though it is well known to us who are in the secret, he would be puzzled to ask his way in any place out of his Majesty's three kingdoms. He has always, however, a kind of Lingua Franca ready at command, with which he assists certain authors of our fraternity, who undertake to elucidate ancient customs and manners by the help of the analogies of language; likewise those who endeavour to account for the first peopling of countries by verbal coincidences; and all those travellers who describe more than they have seen. All this, however, was playing a very deep game, and as one or two ventures had been a little unlucky for him, he determined to make haste to profit by his reputation; and about two months ago, espoused the daughter of a capital grocer, whose heart he gained by interpreting the Chinese characters on a chest of Souchong. I am informed, however, that the grocer's daughter is a match for him with only one language, and will fairly out-talk him at the end of a long day.' The disgust which this picture excited in my mind was sufficiently explained in my looks; and my instructor waited for no other answer, but thus proceeded—

'Another of my intimate acquaintance supports a very high degree of credit at a much cheaper rate, and is thought to have made the best bargain with fame of any of our fraternity. His great talent lies in the art of preserving a most politic and pregnant silence. In exchange, however, he is profuse in nods, bows, smiles, contortions of feature, and shakes of the head. He is supposed to be very profound in the mathematics; and as this is not a verbose species of knowledge, and cannot easily be displayed in conversation, the world is content without any other proof than the testimonies afforded by those who are interested in propagating the belief of his abilities.

(To be continued.)

#### FOR THE REPOSITORY.

*The Philadelphia pursuits of Literature, a satirical Poem, by Juvenile Junius—Book First—John Davis, published.*

The danger of licentiousness from the press, or an intent to form a criterion for the judgment of works coming from it, created in England an host of writers, known commonly by the appellation of Reviewers, who were of infinite service in restraining indecorous publications, and in forming a taste for pure and classical literature. Their credit, however, gradually declined, owing to a partiality which more or less showed itself according to the caprice of opinion, or the degree of friendship which author's had towards them; of consequence, their criticisms became generally despised, and are now read more to discover the extravagance of puffing rather than from any other motive. Since writings, have begun to

multiply in America, many have thought that a critical standard should be established; and attempts are now making in several parts of the continent for the purpose. The obstacles of prejudice, party spirit, and capacity almost preclude the possibility of a correct and impartial sentence from being pronounced upon the merits of writings; but notwithstanding these, the establishment would be attended with numerous advantages, if (which is much to be questioned) interested and unqualified strictures could be avoided. The work now before us, seems to be the impassioned composition of one who has failed in some sanguine expectation; for though several characters have a full share of praise, there is, evidently, a vein of malevolence throughout, which cannot but excite our contempt for its author. No one will sanction allusions so personal and unqualified, unless there is an intention to tolerate abuse for candour, and recrimination for dispassionate judgment. The writer in vain attempts to detract from the merit of the translator of Anacreon, his reputation is fixed too firmly to be shaken by the collisions of impotent strictures. But without any foundation, he thus wantonly assails him:

"What though thy name has never reach'd the shore  
That claims the birth of loose lascivious Moore."

How appropriate the above remark is will better appear by subjoining an address to the bard, couched in language as much remarkable for truth as elegance:

"Moore! at whose birth the tuneful sisters smil'd,  
Whose pen the loves direct, and graces mild,  
Thou, only thou, hast found the art to show  
The simple grandeur, and the chasten'd glow,  
Which fires the soul, but dies no modest cheek:  
Hence, spring the laurels of the ancient Greek!"

The tribute of praise is not withheld from the author of Ormond, Edgar Huntley, &c. However unpopular this writer is with the female world, on account of his terrific subjects, he deserves at least to be commended for originality; this rough compliment is perfectly characteristic of him.

"Search the vast city, ransack every town  
Where sits a man so diligent as Brown?"

The verse in many places is deficient in harmony from the frequent negligencies in quantity and accent:

"O prodigal of commas to thy lines,  
Where borrow'd wit through all thy periods shines."

"A hundred men my future sheet declin'd,  
And I on sweeten'd pork for three weeks din'd."

Our readers may form a more accurate opinion of the work by perusing the following lines, which we select as the least exceptionable:

"And now the ladies, bowing I would hail,  
Some fresh, and some with midnight study pale.  
See sweet Peatrice, writing by the light  
Of tapers at the witching time of night.  
See how the topaz glitters in her ears,  
See how her eyes are both brimful with tears,  
But stop, O muse! nor let thy wanton strain,  
E'er give the lovely female besom pain!  
Curs'd be my strains, how well so'er they glide,  
That would with bitter taunt the fair deride."

The extensive task which the writer of this work has given himself, must necessarily involve exclusive talents as well as difficulties. He has censured the increase of petty author's without considering himself impli-



cated in the censures; we believe there are few men of sense and nice discernment, who will not exclaim after examining "The Philadelphia Pursuits of Literature,"

"Now every desperate blockhead dares to write,  
Verse is the trade of every living wight."

G.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### FOR THE REPOSITORY.

##### WINTER—SKETCH FOURTH.

As now, the pleasing walk, when sober  
eve'ning  
The hills and vales in solemn shades invit-  
ing,  
Proclaims the dark and silent night ap-  
proaching,  
When gentle breezes

From the cool west breathe on our panting  
bosoms  
And bear the fragrance of the incens'd mea-  
dows  
On their soft pinions to our ravish'd senses,  
Rapture inspiring.

When from the heated town, from noisome  
vapors,  
To some cool grove, to stray; to breathe  
the fresh air  
And hold sweet converse with some fav'rite  
fair one,  
No more delights us.

Now on those fav'rite spots where oft I ram-  
bled,  
Link'd arm in arm with the belov'd Statira,  
Tales told full fifty times again repeating  
Still with new pleasure.

There winter spreads abroad his icy man-  
tle  
There the bleak north wind whistles by un-  
heeded,  
'Midst leafless branches,—there the sullen  
monarch  
Reigns uncontrolled.

There nought appears to cheer the dreary  
prospect,  
Save the lone trav'ller, wrapt in sheltering  
great coat,  
Blowing his fingers, while with hasty foot-  
steps,  
He journeys homewards.

No more the walk has charms; but the warm  
fire side  
Where blameless mirth, and joy unsullied  
reigning,  
The cares and troubles of existence chases  
From guileless bosoms.

There oft the merry tale, well told delights  
us,  
There oft the whisper 'round the fair gay  
circle,  
Passes, while youths the well known fine de-  
manding,  
Receive in kisses,

An ample payment, yielded with reluctance  
Half feigned, half real—or some melting  
love song,  
Dissolves the bosoms of enraptur'd hearers,  
With tender pity.

Now Theatres invite us to their pleasures  
There witches rise  
There frowns the haughty chief on humble  
vassals;—  
Pleasures beyond the dull conception,  
Of vulgar bosoms, whom some artful jugglers  
Stale tricks delight more.

There stalks Macbeth the slave of vile am-  
bition,  
The guiltless Duncan's murder meditating,  
There Banquo's ghost alarms his startled  
conscience,  
With awful terrors.

There jealousy inspires the Moor of Venice  
And frightful dreams rouse the detested  
Richard,  
See from his couch he starts, and thinks a-  
round him  
The battle rages.

There oft, beholding Belvidera's anguish,  
Or the sad fate of injur'd Desdemona,  
Each bosom feels the gentle power of pity  
Awaken'd in it.

Or hum'rous scenes awaken mirth and  
laughter,  
Now lying Falstaff fights the nine in Buck-  
ram—  
Now Jerry Sneak appears, the Henpeck'd  
husband,  
Beholds his portrait.

While some attend the gay and splendid ball  
room,  
There join the mazy dance, while lively mu-  
sic,  
Directs the step, and marks the various fig-  
ure,—  
Cheering the bosom.

Like some machine, composed of many  
members  
Each in its place; they move, the eye con-  
fused,  
Can scarcely follow ev'ry various motion,  
By turns secessive.  
ALFRED.

#### FOR THE REPOSITORY.

##### UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

KINDEST of Fathers! ever best of Friends!  
To thee my soul in supplication bends.  
Attend in mercy! teach me gracious Lord!  
To pay due homage to thy sacred word;  
What bears thy stamp with reverence to re-  
ceive

And for his sake, whose truth itself believe,  
But keep me from that doating faith that  
flies

To idle tales and legendary lies:  
That not content with what thyself hath  
said,

In human wisdom seeks for further aid,  
And fondly builds a merit on the rules  
Of councils, fathers, and the trash of schools.  
Let me not know that greatest curse a heart  
That never bears in foreign sorrows part;  
That looks unmoved on every scene of woe,  
And sees unpitied human anguish flow.  
Be mine those soft sensations of the soul,  
That prove my close connections with the  
whole,

That teach my Bosom ev'ry grief to feel,  
To share that sorrow which I cannot heal,  
To give such treatment as I wish to find,

And fondly hold as Brethren all mankind,  
Give me that pride which warns me to des-  
pise

All arts of baseness in what e'er disguise.  
That points to virtuous honour as the plan  
Of each transaction 'tween man and man.  
But guard, O guard my bosom from a pride  
That holds not others to itself ally'd;  
But scowling on its brethren with disgust,  
Forgets our common origin is dust.  
From envy's baleful influence let me fly,  
Which views its neighbour with a jaundic'd  
eye,

Nor knows the meanness of traducing those  
We dare not boldly face to face oppose:  
Or rear in secret a dishonest fame,  
On the sad ruins of another's name.  
Those various talents which thy love be-  
stows

To smooth our passage through this vale of  
woes;

Let me employ (as God incarnate would :)  
In that best art, the art of doing good,  
In their improvement let my study be  
The world to profit and to pleasure thee.  
Teach me with firm, but gentle rein to bend,  
My every passion to its proper end,  
And taste those genial pleasures they pro-  
duce

When sober reason justifies their use?  
But O protect me from too great an ill  
A ruling passion or a servile will,  
Let all the bliss my soul desires to find,  
Spring from that highest bliss a generous  
mind,

A mind, whose greatest bliss is ever found  
In dealing happiness to all around.  
Be mine, great God! the private walks of  
life,

The lowly dwelling and the tender wife,  
The lisping babe, the faithful friend, the  
board

With generous mirth, and frugal plenty  
stor'd,

When death approaches, grant a moments  
pause,

But just to thee to recommend my cause!  
And when before thy judgment seat I stand  
Weigh not my errors with a rigorous hand!  
Permit a Saviour's merits to prevail  
And mercy turn, though justice holds the  
scale.

Z

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

B would have served us much more effectual-  
ly, had he selected a list of fashionable epithets, as  
parents now devote much time in turning over the  
legends of chivalry and romance, for what are  
termed "beautiful names!" The demand too,  
at this season of fecundity, is particularly great,  
for in traversing the streets, the ear is continually  
saluted with the dull monotony of Angelina, Belin-  
da, Celestina, Dadriana, &c. While the taste of  
people continues so refined, it would be absurd to  
expect, that the names of Demaris Three needles,  
Hope Toothill Waitstill Gulliver, &c. would be  
at all acceptable. The last lady, we are told, is an  
old maid, if so, we cannot but applaud her choice,  
and do sincerely recommend the whole sisterhood  
to adopt similar names as they would be both  
prudent and appropriate.

Several other communications are unavoidably  
deferred.

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